AROUND THE THEATRES.

place at Niblo's this evening, has been postponed

At H. R. Jacobs's Third Avenue Theatre Aus

tin's Australian Novelty Company will be the at

Mrs. Langury on Saturday concluded the first

" Held by the Enemy," Gilbert's much-played

play, will be presented to the west-siders to-night

at the Grand Opera-House, where it will surely

John W. Ransone will present his "comed-

drama" entitled "Across the Atlantic" at

Pool's Theatre to-night. Thefe will be " songs.

dances, fun, frolic and exoltement," There will

At Harrigan's Park Theatre " Pete " has come to

some exceedingly catchy songs in "Pete," and the

Munkacsy's religious picture, "Christ on Cal-

vary," is still on exhibition at the Twenty-third

Street Tabernaole. Descriptive lectures are given each afternoon by the Rev. Br. George L. Hunt,

the Rev. S. T. Graham and Prof. Dr. Baratt.

Nights" will be brought out in all its spiendor.

and his erchestra, to say nething of Ajceb, "the

"The Wife" reigns supreme at the Lyeeam The

aire. The sorrows of two such people as Miss

Georgia Cayvan and Mr. Herbert Kelcey are more

toan ordinarily interesting. Mr. Frohman's new

stock company has no reason to complain that it

Young Josef Hofmann will give the first of hi

pianoforte recitals to-morrow evening at the Mot-

opolitan Opera-House, with an orchestra of one

hundred musicians, under the direction of Adolph

Neuendorff. He will give the second concert

Thursday afternoon, and the third on Saturday

At the Fourteenth Street Theatre Denman

Chompson is reaping a harvest with "The Old

Mr. Thompson is so sure of the vitality of this play

" Conrad the Corsair" is still drawing audiences

to the Bijou Opera-House. There are one or two pretty numbers in it. To-night the full score of

the burlesque will be given away to celebrate the

fiftieth performance. The occasion will doubtless

be interesting, although there is the hateful poss

"School " will be presented at Wallack's for the

ast time to-night, and to-morrow "Caste" will

e seen. On Wednesday night Genevieve Ward's

play "Forget Me Not" will be produced, with

Mr. Abber carefully explains that there can be no

There will be plenty of fun at Dockstader's to

night, though that will not change the order of

vents at that house. 'Sjanton, the human farm-

yard," and " Thanksgiving at Washington Mer

There will be a new song and dance "melange

for twelve people, cutitled, ". Twilight Gambols."

"The Marquis," which is still crowding the

Casino, will be continued this week, but next Monday night it will make way for "Madelon,

which is said to be an extremely tuneful opera with

which the comic operas of to-day sadly lack

eight times next Saturday.

The last week of " Faust" at the Star Theatre

production in which Henry Irving and Miss Terry

For years Col. McCaull's admirers have been

Begum " responds to the call. The authors hall

from Chicago. There have been splended houses

this production, and it is extremely probable that

Don't miss "The Only Sin of the Late Duchess

A Stroke of Business.

de C." in THE WORLD to-morrow evening.

courage native talent and so forth.

at the Fifth Avenue Theatre since th

actress, Miss Annie Russell. " Elaine"

at " him to produce an American opera, to en-

will begin to-night. Those who have not seen the

well-worked out story-a feature, by the bye,

'The Marquis" will have been presented seventy-

ket" will be the mediums for jokes and repartee.

lingation in connection with this production.

bility that Rice will make a sceech.

Homestead," of which people never seem to tire

that next season he will give it at the Academy Music. When at Nibio's he played to the capacity

has suffered from want of appraciation.

more nights et the Academy of Music

mystifying chess automaton."

evening.

of that large house.

the most successful engagement she has played in Boston. The gross receipts were \$15,360,

At Tony Pastor's Theatre to-night the

varied entertainment will be given.

traction this week, beginning to-night,

antil to-morrow evening.

prove a great attraction.

play is in Harrigan's best vein.

Crowded by the Modern Progress of New York, Although in the Country When Built-Memories of Alexander Hamilton and the Duel With Anron Burr Which



of years. Even the sound of a piano that comes through the window, and a clothes. = line well hung with undergarments, do not rob the old house of the dignified repose which it brings down from another genera.

Everything around it, however, tells of the present time and hour. Rows of brand-new houses face it on every side, imposing structures in rich building material. On the east side a steam roller is pressing the new pavement of Convent avenue, and on the north a street has been cut through which nearly lops off a venerable corner of the house in its impudent haste. An 1887 goat, as modern as possible, saunters in a dudish way up the drive and takes far more interest in a red-fiannel shirt dangling from the clothesline than in the sober walls of olivegreen which rise beyond.

Back in 1802, when the goat's grandfather

was a wretched young scapegrace down at Coenties slip, a gentleman built this home for himself out in the sweet solitude of the



country, and took thither his lovely wife and seven fair children. In the warm summer afternoons when the shadows were lengthening on the lawn, he would dash up the King's

ing on the lawn, he would dash up the King's road, and rein in his snoky horse at the modest porch where his wife would stand to greet him with a kiss, after the hot strife and turmoil of the distant town.

Two years later the gentleman rode forth one morning very early. Later in the day he was brought home and laid upon his bed with an ugly wound in his body. The next day as the sun was pouring its fullest rays upon the broad sward and the tender green of the newly set box, amid the blinding tears of his wife and children he set out on a journey further than to the town below, to a bourne from whence he has never returned.

He lies now beneath a ton or two of weather-beaten marble in old Trinity. A massive square monument, with pillars at each cor-mer, surmounted by funeral urns and with a pyramidal spex, is the memorial which affec-tion and respect have reared to Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton.
Yes! the old olive-green house with its by-Yes! the old olive-green house with its bygone associations, that stands half mournfully amid the surrounding activity, was once the statesman's. Here he came in his forty-sixth year, in the full prime of his magnificent powers, a citizen in the strongest sense of the word. He doubtless promised himself many years of peaceful enjoyment in his new house, with no nearer neighbor than Mme. Jumel, three-quarters of a mile higher up on the King's road.

But it was a dream. July 11, 1804, honor drew him forth to face the pistol of an adversary, and in the woody glade at Weehaw.

rersary, and in the woody glade at Weehaw.

ken Aaron Burr's bullet brought him low.

The old house is a two-storied structure with a basement. It is square, built very plainly with deal boards, and is painted a grant of the square of the s plainly with deal boards, and is painted a sort of olive-green. On the east and west sides are verandas for the first story. At the rear, a long flight of stairs runs down sidewise from the back door. The main entrance has the old-fashioued porch. Doubtless Hamilton used to sit there on summer evenings with his wife, the daughter of Gen. Philip Schuyler, and look at the clump of thirteen gum-trees which he had planted in honor of the original thirteen States.

The trees stand there still—a little to the southeast of the house, at the left of the front porch. They are just thirteen, and are surrounded by a wooden fence, painted brown.

Turn the large knob of the front door and you find yourself in a small hall. At your right is the library where Hamilton used to sit and ponder over legal tomes and study con-stitutional points. Next to it, also on the right, is the dining-room. It is a quaint, low-studded room, octagonal in shape, and on the east side is a bay-window. In the doors at the west and north are set panels of mirror-glass. eighteen of them in each door. This is the only notable decorative feature of the room. The woodwork and the white marble mantel,

and firsplace are simplicity itself. The chandelier is evidently a late addition to to

the room.

At the left are the parlor and reception rooms, and in the rear are two other rooms, one of which was possibly a pantry.

The second story contains five bedrooms. They are plain, square rooms, commanding a pleasant outlook, as the house was built on slightly rising ground.
At One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and

At One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and Tenth avenue a large wooden sign reads: "Hamilton Grange extends from St. Nicho-las Avenue to Tenth Avenue and from One Hundred and Forty-first Street to One Hun-dred and Forty-fifth Street. Lots for sale in

The house stands near St. Nicholas avenue on One Hundred and Forty-second street. It is owned by Mr. Cutting, the Wall street broker, who bought it of Mr. De Forest Smith. It is rented to the family of M. J. Foley. Mr. Cutting intends to move the house as the street envisive one to invest the house as the street envisive one to invest the house as the street envisive one to invest the house as the street envisive one to invest. the house, as the street cuts in so as to injure

the foundations.

Hamilton called it "The Grange," after the family estate in Scotland. When he was

the family estate in Scotland. When he was laying the property out he wrote to Pinckney and got some melon seeds for his garden and some paroquets for his daughter.

'A garden is a very unusual refuge for a disappointed politician." he wrote. He was only forty-eight when Burr's bullet put an end to his interest in melons and paroquets, and his daughter lost her mind over her father's hapless taking off

The simple old house, with its shutters to the lower windows, claims respect in virtue of its former occupant. The lawn is studded with trees. One old fir stands close to it like a sentinel.

a sentinel The Jumel house, at One Hundred and

"The Jumel house, at One Hundred and Sixtieth street; the Peyster mansion, at One Hundred and Thirteenth street; the Apthorp house, at Ninety-second street, and this old Hamilton Grange house, at One Hundred and Forty-second street, should remain as long as time suffers them to stand", is a sentiment often expressed. Their age and historical associations may surely secure them this.

An Elderly Gentleman's Pocket Protected From a Thief by a Brooklyn Girl's Eyes

How to disconcert a thief without creating disturbance was shown on a surface car the other day by a young lady well known in Brooklyn society. The car was filled, when fashionably dressed woman of perhaps wenty-five winters entered and with profuse thanks accepted a scat offered her by an elderly, well-to-do-looking man who, upon gaining his feet, settled his hat more firmly upon his head and resumed the reading of his

ewspaper. Seated next the woman of good clothes was the Brooklyn girl. The car moved on, and the Brooklyn girl's eyes were directed indif-ferently first at one and then at another of the passengers. But suddenly her gaze became fixed and surprise, wonder and anxiety each in turn took possession of her counte nance; for, reaching into the pocket of the elderly man who had given up his seat, was the hand of the woman who but a moment

the mind of the woman who but a moment before had accepted the courtesy.

What to do, for a moment the young lady did not know. If she cried "Stop thief!" or "Your pocket is being picked!" there would be a "horrid row," and she would become mixed up in a "scene;" and then perhaps the hand was only repaying its owner for her "thanks."

thanks."
Such thoughts flashed through the young Such thoughts flashed through the young lady's mind while that hand was gently feeling its way deeper and deeper into the old man's pocket. She could bear the suspense no longer. Suddenly leaning forward until her face was directly infront of the siief's, she looked directly into the woman's eyes, and then, turning her head slightly, gazed in a horror-stricken manner at the pocket which contained the hand.

a horror-stricken manner at the pocket a contained the hand.

That settled it. The woman drew a quick breath, snatched her hand from the pocket, pulled the bell-rope and made her exit.

The Brooklyn girl sighed too, but it was a sigh of relief, as she settled back against the cushions and wondered at her own astound-

Evolution of Aparchist Oratory.

[From the Omaka World:] Socialistic Orator--Yes, my down-trodden fellow suffer rs, the time has come—
Crowd—Hooray!
'The time has come to kill"—
'To kill"—

Voice—Here comes a policeman.

'To kill the political aspirations of our enemie with our votes.' Here comes a policeman.

Just Dropped Into Town Asley Pond, of Detroit, is at the Windsor.

Assemblyman J. W. Stanley, of Rochester, registered at the Morton House. Capt. Edward Carter, U. S. A., and J. H. Soulé are registered at the Grand Hotel.

taken rooms at the Windsor. The Bell Telephone Company is represented at the Brevoort by W. W. Swan, F. P. Fish and J. J. Storrow, the company's counsel.

Storrow, the company's counsel.

Gen. W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis, and John K. Cowen, Chief Counsel for the Baltimore and Ohlo Raliroad, are guests at the Alctoria. T. G. Frothingham and T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston, and Murray Ruse, of Philadelphia, are among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Brunawick. At the New York Hotel: James McShane, M.P. Montreal; Civil Service Commissioner Henry A Richmond, of Buffaio; M. C. Burke, State Audito of Alabama.

Ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth, of New Hampshire, is at the Pifth Avenue Hotel, accompanied by his wife. Congressman W. L. Scott, of Peunsylvania, is at the same house.

George H. Tilden, of New Lebanon, who is con-testing the will of his uncle, the late Samuel J. Tilden, is at the St. James Hotel. The contest will come up in court in a few days. Among other guests at the St. James Hotel are Col. Thos. Potter, of Philadelphia; Major H. E. Whitaker, of Covington, Ky.; George H. Taylor, of Chicago, and James Sloan, jr., of Baitimore.

To one and all we say use Apamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Best druggists.

AN UNUSUALLY BUSY WEEK OF RECEP TIONS, TEAS AND WEDDINGS.

Country Entertainments Carrying Off the Palm for Real Pleasure-Mr. Henry Klenter and Miss Mary White to b Married on Wednesday-Mr., R. Ogden

ROBABLY this conting week will be the gayest, so far, this season, but for real pleasure, country entertainments carry of the palm. Miss Floyd-Jones's Thanksgiving dinner at her country
seat at Oyster
Bay, L. I., was muchenjoyed by the many
guests, among whom
were Miss Cornelia
Van Auken, Mr. A. A.
Bibby, the Misses
Lentilhon, Mr. James
D. Livingston, Cel.

stay for a long time. Mr. Harrigan calls the piece a "domestic drama of the South." There are

De Lancey F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Jones, Mr. E. M. Smedburg, Mr. Littelan, William Van Auken, Mr. Edward Floyd Jones, Mr. William Wainwright and a num

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson gave a dinner on Thursday at their country sest in Connecticut.

The rare and beautiful Scotch blue and white belis will be the favored flowers this season for corsage and hand bouquets for the ballroom.

ballroom.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Kieuter and Miss Marv White will take place at 7.30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George White, of 1039 Lexington avenue, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. S. Medburg, of 20 West Twenty-first street, will give a reception on Thursday, Dec. 15.

Dec. 15. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sewal, of 175 West Fifty-eighth street, will give a tea this after-Mrs. William Post and the M.sses Post will

Mrs. William Post and the M.sses Post will pass the winter at Cannes.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Henry M. Van Rensselaer, of this city, and Miss Bertha Potter, of Germantown, Pa.

The marriage of Mr. W. W. Brooks and Miss Elizabeth Skillman will take place on Dec. 8. The reception after the wedding will be at the home of the bride's mother in Vest East with street.

East Forty-ninth street.

Mrs. Wm. A. Hammond, of 43 West Fifty-fourth street, will give a reception on The marriage of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, s

The marriage of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, a nephew of Mr. William Allen Butler, and Miss Vincent will take place on Wednesday week. The Rev. Marvin Vincent, father of the bride, will officiate.

The marriage of Count Pennazzi, of Italy, and Miss Mimi Smith, sister of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, will shortly take place at Turin.

The Entre News Club will give a recention

The Entre Nous Club will give a reception at the West End Hall, in West Twenty-fifth

street, on Dec. 1.

Mrs. John Achelis, of 159 Joralemon street,
Brooklyn, will give a dance on Thursday

wening.

Mrs. Hamilton G. Fish will visit Philadelphia this week. Many entertainments are projected in her honor. Mr. Benjamin Harris Brewster will give a large dinner for her.

Dr. and Mrs. Morris L. King, of West Fifty sixth street, will receive a number of friends to morrow evening, and also on the evening of Dec. 6.

f Dec. 17.
The Elberon Club will give a reception on

Mrs. D. Loomis, of 19 West Thirty-fourth street, will give a reception on Dec. 7. Gen. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce will pass the

Gen. and Mrs. Lioyd Bryce will pass the winter in Washington.

The annual meeting of the Peekskill Lawn-Tennis Club will be held on Saturday, Dec. 31, at Peekskill-on-the-Hudson.

Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus and Miss Doremus, of 241 Madison avenue, will give a dance this

All to No Purpose.

To Messrs, W. B. Riker & Sons, Druggists, 353 6th are., New York.

Sits: For several wocks after I arrived in this country I felt in a weak, exhanated state, having a heated and feverish feeling all over and a regular show of large spots having appeared on my bedy. I felt, indeed, very uneasy and I tried several remedies—pils and other medicines—hut all to no purpose. I was advised by a friend, however, to get a bottle of "Riken's Sansaparilla." which I did, and before I had taken Half the bottle I felt much relieved. The burning heat left my skin and I felt much relieved. The burning heat left my skin and if was QUITE WELL in a short time. To any one requiring a splendid bloed purifier. I can confidently recommend. "Riker's Sansaparilla." as the cheapest and best medicine Ever Made. This I write unsolicited, simply for the henefit of those who may suffer, not knowing the great value of this wonderful medicine.

I am, sirs, your obedient servant,
June, 1886.

Thomas Stockdale.

tite, and talking, all the while, more merrily

And so, when they were in the parlor for you by that window an hour ago?"
"Angry with you, Rose!" he answered.

And he passed his arm about her waist, and drew her closely to him.

"I thought," she went on, "I thought, Harry, while I sat there, of our old lovers' walks, and of the winter evenings we spent together, when neither for a moment were weary of each other; and then—for I was lonely, and a little tired—I thought you did not care to be with me as you did then, and that you had grown tired of me, and I made up my mind to ask you if it was so, and, if it were, why? Oh, Harry! if there are any faults or failings in me that turn your heart from me, tell me of them, that I may mend them, and win it back again. If I unconsciously do aught to anger you, let me know it, and I will be all you wish from that very moment; only, Harry, do not let me feel your heart estranged. Now, when I need your did when I was a girl."

And the tears would be restrained no longer, but poured themselves out upon his bosom, for he held her closely there, and spoke in a passionate, remorseful way that almost frightened her. Part of what he said was so cold that she could not comprehend it. But while she lived she always remem-

"SALONS" OF BRIGHT NEW YORK WOMEN.

Everybody Who is Anybody Wants Onc. But It Requires Tact to Manage It. The production of "She," which was to take

Prom the New Yorker 1 It is getting to be the ambition of every New York woman, as it has long since been that of every Parisian dame to have a salon. To caten a lexicable assortment of tions, to pare their claws o induce them to roar gently as any sucking dove. to knot colored ribbons in their tawny manes and to lead them about like the sawoust procession at scale-his is the new ideal, and social menageries

The salon proper, that is the political salon, doe not exist in New York—partly from the nature of New York politics, and partly because the woman who could hold one has not yet appeared. In spite of the new interest of women in practical matters, even in politics, the woman at whose house states-men—enpowing statesmen abundant in New York—could rendezvous, discuss all sides of a question fairly and without heat, and feel as in the old French days that there was an open Parliament with a charmingly intelligent speaker whose smiles were sufficient guerdon for their oratory; a woman at whose home politicins could be encouraged to defend their convictions—or abandon them, has not yet been evolved.

The New York salons are literary, musical, artistic or all taree mixed. Politics is almost an unknown subject in them. None of them as yet is very extensive, though several are growing. A New York salon commonly takes the form of a "Sunday evening," and a woman, to have an attractive gathering every week, must be an agreeable hostess, have plenty of tact, be above jealousy, and have more than an average share of not exist in New York-partly from the nature of

able hostess, have plenty of tact, be abov Jealousy, and have more than an average share o

jeatousy, and have more than an average share of brains.

The ratherings that come nearest to deserving the ambitions term of salon are not the resuit of tion-houting. They have grown of their own accord aimost without knowledge of the woman wao is their centre. They are imprompts, so to speak, and the pleasantest meeting-places in the city.

Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bater. has a salon of this kind, where one sees the people best worth knowing in the city.

Kate Sanborn, who has a pretty suit of rooms at the Windsor, is so witty and vivacious that witty and vivacious people gather to her by justinet.

Miss Mary L. Booth gettor to her by justinet.

Miss Mary L. Booth gettor to her by justinet.

Miss Mary L. Booth gettor to her by people who can write and people who can speak and people who can appreciate other folks who do these things. "A Dark Secret" will be given for only six eajoyed an extremely prosperous asjourn. Next week the spectaeniar buriesque of ''The Arabian At the Eden Musee there is pignty of enjoyment Gen. Caster's less battle, the Chicage Anarchists and Ofren's painting, eatitled "Deux Scure," are worth seeing. Then there are Muncei Lajos

lings.
Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, of the Magazine of Amer denn History, is a delightful hostess as people who are fortunate enough to be her guests know. Mrs. Croly. "Jenny June," and her daughter Vida have pleasant "at homes," where pleasant

people go.

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway lives in Brooklyn and her Sunday evening-stouch a wider circle of human interest than such gatherings often do.

Miss Little Devereux Blake, the woman suffrage writer and speaker, is at home to people with ideas, not all of them, by any means, of the more radical sort. radical sort.

Mrs. Frank Lesite's evening are cosmopolitan, and include about as many varieties of people, of the more interesting sorts, as there are in the

Eila Wheeler Wilcox has not entertained in New York much as yet, but her evenings are expected to be informal and on a more or less original

A Parrot That Prays Every Evening

[From the Philodelphia Inquirer.]
A family living on Reed street, above Fourth. are the owners of a pretty poll parrot that has already conclusively shown the evidence of early rel gious training. The bird is an unusually bright one, and it salutes the members of the family every morning with a regularity that is as in erest every morning with a regularity that is as interesting as it is remarkable. St. Alphonsus's German Catholic Church, on the southwest corner of Fourth and Reed streets, is provided with a set of chimes which, besides ringing on every Sunday and holy day, ring out the "Angelius" every evening. This is for the purpose of reminding pions Catholics who live within sound of the bells of a little prayer that is to be recited at that kine of the day. Recently one little girl of the house began to call the attention of the parrot to the ringing of the chimes. The bird was a careful observer, and attentively watched the little one recite the prayer. Suddenly, one evening, as the bell rang out, the parrot jumped from his parch to the bottom of its cage, and assuming a reverent the bottom of its cage, and assigning a reverent position, bowed its nead and mumbled the first few words of the prayer. Since that time, it is claimed, the parrot is as regular and attentive to its daily prayers as any member of the family.

The Black Cat Costume for a Rall.

[From an Exchange.]
When last season a young débutante appeared at fashionable dance in a dress trimmed with a flight of stuffed canaries, and another lady flitted about with parrots' heads giaring at the beholder from all with parrots' heads giaring at the beholder from all parts of her gorgeous costame, it was thought that the fashion could not go much further in its use of the dumb creation. The summit, however, was not yet reached, as a Paris letter says that a favority dress at fancy dress balls this winter will undoubtedly be the black cat costume—a low-necked and sleeveless corsage and tunic in gold-yellow satin, cut in one, in the princesse style. The latter is looped over a short underskirt in black velvet, and its bordered with a row of little figures of Napoleon cut out of black velvet. On the left side of the corsage is placed a large stuffed black cat, the tall carving over the wearer's shoulder, while the the corsage is placed a large stuffed black cat, the fall curving over the weater's shoulder, while the outstretched foreiegs of the animal claw up one side of the overskirt. Long black gloves reach-ing above the elbow, gold-yellow silk stockings and black satin slippers complete the toilet.

Nearly 400,000,000 People in China.

The authorities of Pekin have recently taken a poses the proneness to disbelieve in the large estimates must be modified accordingly. The figures mates must be motined accordingly. The ngures returned by the village balliffs make the population 316,383,300, which, logether with the estimates of five provinces omitted, makes the aggregate about 892,009,000. These figures are independent of the population of Cores, Thibet and Kashgar. As the population of India exceeds 250,000,000, the Hindoos and Chinese constitute more than half the entire human race.

Hatching-Machines for Paris Bables.

[Prom the Pall Mail Gazette,]
It may not be generally known that hatchingbeen seen at a matinee given at the Madison Square machines have recently been introduced in the Paris lying-in hospitals for the saving of infants prematurely born or otherwise deficient in vitality. The system appears to have been eminetly suc cessful. The object of the machine is to supply the weak little things with the heat necessary to the weak filter things with the host necessary to attain to strength and materity. New-born hables weighing from two to two and a half pounds, in-stead of four and a half pounds, the average weight, and which were condemned to early death, have been placed in these machines, and in a short time they have come out strong and healthy. The apparatus is similar to the egg-basehing machine.

Sneezing Catarrh.

watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful in flammation extending to the throat, the swelling of the mucous liming, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in the head and splitting headaches-how familiar these symptoms are to thousands who suffer periodically from head colds or influence, and who live in ignorance of the fact that a single application of SAN-

[From the New Orleans Pleagune.]
Once during a jury trial Judge R—— looked up
uddenly and said to the Sheriff:

" Mr. D-, there are thirteen men on

jury."

Mr. D—, after counting with his finger, corroborated the Jurge. The clerk was ordered to call the jury. He did so, and there were but twelve responses. Then the Judge, Sheriff and Clerk held a conference, the result of which was that the jurors stood up in answer to their names. Presently two individuals arose together—one white, the other a negro. The former had his summons as a juror; the latter had been sub-pocaced as a witness.

"Come here," said the Judge. "and show me your subpena."

Sam advanced close up to His Honor and stuck out his tongue for investion.

your subprens."

Sam advanced close up to His Honor and stuck out his tongue for inspection! As soon as the laugh subsided the Judge said kindly:

"Sam, you need calomel and of course can't stay on the jury."

Sam was nonplused at another explosion from the audience.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

RUSSIAN OPERA-GLASSES-PRICE, SM; EX-

AMUSEMENTS.

PIANOPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE,
PIANOPORTE CONCERTS,
JOSEF HOFMANN,
Under the direction of Mesers, Abbey, Schoeffel a
Grau, will give Three Planoforte Concerts, with
OF ONE HUNDRED MUSICIANS,
Under the direction of Adolph Necessions, on
TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, at 8,15 y, M.
THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, at 8,15 y, M.
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 8, at 8,15 y, M.
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 8, at 8,15 p, M.
SPICES, 82,50, 81,50, 81,50c. Boxes, 815.
Beats on sale at Rox Office, Metropolitan Opera-Bouse
WEBER GRAND PLANO URED.

DOCKSTADER'S WORKERS

HACK FAUST.

MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN

DAVE BRAHAM and his Popular Grobses
Wednesday - Matines - Saturday

INION SQUARE THEATRE J. M. HILL, Manager

under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks
in the great American councy.
THE HENRIETTA.
THE HENRIETTA.
Evenings at 3.15. Saturday Matines at 2. Carriages,
10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance,

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE.

Corner 31st st. and 3d ave.

RESERVED SEATS.

20c.,

30c.,

BEWARE OF SPECULATORS

CHRIS 4 LENA.

Six More Nights. One Matines.

DARK SECRET.

25c., 60c. · 75c., 81. Next Week-ARABIAN MIGHTS.

Casino's Most Beautiful Comic Dame

Casino's Most Beautiful Conte Opers Production, the MARQUIS
RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER.
Grat Cast. Chorus of 50. Admission, 50e.
Monday, Dec. 5, the Sparkling Comic Opera Madelong
G. AND OPERA HOUSE.
G. Reserved seate Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50e.
WED. HELD BY THE ENEMY, MAT.

Next Sunday: PROF, CROMWELL'S lecture,

POEN MUSEE, 23D ST. BET. 5TH & STH AVES.
GEN. CUSTER'S LAST BAT'LE.
GEN'S GREAT PAINTING. "DEUX SCEURS."
Concerts daily from 2 to 5 and 8 to 11.
Admission to all, 500.; is hilders 25c.
AJEEB—The Mystilying Chees Automaton.

L YCKUM THRATRE.

L Begins at 8.18.
The New Comedy.
MATINER THE WIFE.

MATINER ATURNAY.

BLIOU OPERA-HOUSE—SECOND MONTH.
RICE'S
BURLESQUE
COMPANY.

with its gorgeous attractions.
(65 ARTISTS.

key's at 8 (shapp), Mark Week Singles

WALLACK'S. TO-NIGHT (last time) SCHOOL.
W. Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearls, Harry Edwards, J. W. Pigott, Mme. Ponisi, Miss Netta Guion,
Miss Rose Coglian and Miss Rose Coglian and Company (last time) CASTE.
Wednesday, Nov. 30.—FORGET-ME-NOT.

MAKART'S FIVE SENSES,

Now on exhibition at No. 16 East 14th st., first floor, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS,

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 50 cents.

POOLE'S THEATRE. Sth st. and 4th ave. 10c. 20c. 20c. Mais. Mon. Wed., Thur., Sat. JUHN W. RANSONE in his Great Drams. ACROSS THE ATLANTIO. Dec. 5, THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE COMPANY FOR FERGUSON AND MACK,

THE AVE. THEATRE.
LAST TWO WEEKS.
THE MCCAULL OPERA COMPANY.
EVENING ATS. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

50th performance, TO-NIGHT-Elaborate Sc

CADEMY OF MUSIC.

ROBSON AND CRANE.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

'way and 29th st. Nightly, 8.30; Sat. Mat., 2.30.
'Air charged with fun."—N. Y. Sun.

cellent in every respect; especially for holic HOWARD & CO., 264 5th ave.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE

But this treatment in cases of simple Catarrh gives but s faint idea of what this remedy will do in the chronic forms, where the breathing is obstructed by choking. putrid mucous accumulations, the hearing affected smell and taste gone, throat alcorated and hacking oragh gradually fastening itself upon the debilitated system. Then it is that the marvellens curative power of San-FORD'S RADICAL CURE, manifests itself in instantaneous and grateful relief. Cure begins from the first applica-tion. It is rapid, radical, permanent, economical, safe. SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box CATABRHAL SOLVENT an

an IMPROVED INHALER: price, \$1.
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

It is in the form of a large wooden box, divided into two compartments; one is filled with warm water and the other contains a basket filled with warding, into which the infant is deposited. The lid is supplied with a glass pane to enable the movements of the little inmates to be watched. The machine is unler the constant surveillance of a nurse, who reports to the medical director the various phases of incubation. Dr. Pinard, of the Laribolaiere Hospital, and Dr. Tarnier, of the Maternite, have several of these machines working under their care at the present moment. ing under their care at the present moment

I remember very well the first case I ever had to defend. My client had "tuck a hog." My father left me to make my own beginning and to wrestle with justice alone. I said: "Jim, when you are called plead not guilty, and ask for trial by

Wednesday - Matinee - Baturday.

M ADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. M. PALMER.
Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Malies at 2.

THE MARTYR.
By the author of THETWO ORPHANS.
One of the strongest plays ever presented at this bouse.
In preparation:
E1.A.INE.
With New, Beautiful Reenery, Costumes and Effects. jury." ''Yes, sah,'' said Jim. When Jim was called he stood up, and the clerk read in his stereotyped way the indictment, ending, "contrary to the form and statute," &c., and

maked:
"Whereof are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Sah " " said Jim.
" Head it over," said the Judge; and over again
t was accordingly read, and to the same conclud-it was accordingly read, and to the same conclud-ing interrogation Jim again responded, "Saar," "See here, you!" said the Judge, "he is asking you if you took that hog or not," And to my horror Jim seratched his head and with a confiding smile said: "Yes, sab, Jedge, I tuck de hog," and so ended my first lesson.

Romance in High Life.

[From Life.]
Party in Background—But, Jimmie and Maud— Hero (with pistol) - We are no longer Mand and Jimmie. When we turned our backs upon you viliage this damsel became the Tinsel-faced Cruller, the Daisy of the Wigwam, whilst I—ha, hal—assumed the title of Venom-tootned Rosin Eye, the Mingo's Terror; so follow us at your perti; we are on the war-path, and our way is towards the setting sual.

She Was Careful of Him

"Charley," said a young wife, "is there reall; any such person as the fooi-killer?" "Oh, I guess not; I don't know," said Charley

who was reading the morning paper.

'Well, Charley, all I wanted to say is, please don't go out after dark say more until you find out."

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

It is an item in the cost of a wedding nowaday o hire "family servants" enough and to costume them properly to make a good showing in the pews reserved for the retainers who want to see the flower of the family joined in the fashionable bond

Willie's Iden of a Long Journey. [From the Pittsburg Chroniele.]
"It must take a long time to get to heaven," re-

marked a little Pittaburg boy as he watched

funeral procession go past.
"Wny, Willie?" asked his mamma.
"Because the carriages go so slow." A Little Mixed.

[From Judge.] Miss Skeen-Where did you graduate from Mr

Mr. Gili—From the school of pharmacy.
Miss Skeen (with surprise)—Is it possible? What
a strange choice for a young man brought up in the
clty! but if I remember rightly your grandfather

The Regular Discount.

Miss Pollibud-Can von tell me. Mr. Merchant why they did not hang those two Anarchists in Chicago?
Mr. Mcrebant—Oh, that was trade discount, 83% per cent. off.

He Would Do His Part.

[From Texas S(fitings.]]
George—Blanche, I think I will get married. Blanche-Yes, George, and does your heart bes responsively to some one's?
"Well, no, not exactly, but I can almost support myself, and I think it's a pretty mean girl that won't help a little bit."

Hard Work.

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.] "How are collections to-day ?" asked a man o bill collector yesterday. "Slow, very slow; can't even collect my thoughts," was the reply.

Certainly Ought To Be. (From the Louisville Courier-Journal.) Sixty miles of blazes in Arkansas! Helen ough to be satisfied now. 14 TH STREET THEATRE. Cor. 6th ave.

Matinese Wednesday and Saturday.

DENMAN THOMPSON

OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 56c., 76c., 61, 81.52.

shrine.

He never forgot it. He never betrayed the sweet forgiveness she accorded to him in his humiliation; and though they are old people now, with grandchildren about them, she she still watches for him in the twilight and

'The Only Sin of the Late Duchesee de Co"

THE HUSBAND'S LESSON.

"I wonder why he stays so late?"

The woman who uttered these words had repeated them a hundred times since the bright autumn sunset in which she first sat down beside the window to watch and listen for her husband's coming ; and it was quite dark now, and still she pressed her soft cheek to the casement, and peered into the shadows with her clear, blue eyes.

She was very beautiful and very young. But for the wedding ring upon her hand you would have called her a girl, and have believed her to be waiting for a lover's and not ried three long years, and he, to whom she had given all her heart when she stood beside him at the altar, already neglected her, and left her to watch evening after evening, night after night, for the tardy footstep which, in the old days of courtship, had been the very seeh of her. echo of her own.

Something akin to regret was in her heart to-night, as she remembered, as only a neglected wife can, the love and tenderness of those past hours. How he used to gaze into her eyes, and sing to her, and bring her flowers, and books, and music!

Why had he changed? Was it her fault? why had he changed? Was it her fault?

The tears would come to the blue eyes now. Harry, "began his wife. "But nothing is cold yet, I hope, and "—

Oh. it's all right. I'm glad you didn't wiit," said the husband, in a careless, off-handed manner, which was peculiarly his own, and which had a singular charm about own, and which had a singular charm about own, and which had a singular charm about own.

evidently, entered the room.
"In the dark again," she muttered, "and crying, too. It's a shame—that's whas it is—

a burning shame! Such a pretty young crit-ter, and he used to make an idol of her!" And then, setting down the lamp, she added, aloud, "Come, ma'am, come to dinner. You know as well as I do that Mr. Powell won't he here for hours and hours, and it's wrong of you to injure your health in this way. Do come down."

of you to injure your health in this way. Do come down."

The young wife arose, in obedience to the summons of the old servant—for Hepsiba had been her nurse when she was a little child, and was a privileged person, and not without some influence: and followed her conductress to the dining-room, where the snowy cloth was spread with every tempting delicacy of the season, and where everything, from the oval mirror between the windows to the ample coal-scuttle standing near the fire, glittered like polished silver.

"It is not because his home is cheerless," she said, again; and the thought gave her a little comfort.

"Ah. nurse, you were wrong," she said, with a bright smile. "Here he is," Nurse shook her head and choked down the words, "The first time in three months," which she felt compelled to utter.

The door opened and a handsome, well-built man, with soft, brown whiskers and hair that had a golden gleam upon its darkness when it caught the light, oame into the dining-room.

dining-room. so sorry I did not wait for you,"
began his wife, "But nothing is

tall, broad-shouldered woman, a servant, own and which had a singular control it. "Go on with your dinner, Rose. I'll evidently, entered the room.

And so he did, eating with a hearty appe-

vening of Dec. 6. Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Smith, of 65 East Sixty-

wednesday evening, at Lenox Hall, in Seventy-second street.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes was obliged at the last moment to indefinitely postpone the reception for her daughter, which a very large number of guests were invited to attend on Saturday afternoon, owing to a sudden unexpected bereavement in the family. Mr. J. F. Plummer and his daughter have sailed on the Etruria for their home in this

appear respectively as the saturnine Mephistopheles and the ingenuous Margaret still have a few or portunities in which to regulfy their error. Next Saturday Louis XI. will be produced. To-morrrow there will be a special matinee of "Faust" in atd

or 21 Maison avenue, will give a dance this evening.

Miss Lizzie Frick, of Baltimore, will pass the winter again in this city with her friend, Mrs. Griswold Gray, of 9 Washington square.

A very large wedding in Washington in January will be that of the Vicomte Arnaulet de la Bassetiere and Miss O'Donnell, daughter of the late Oliver O'Donnell.

Miss Clarice Hazletine Livingston will be introduced on Dec. 12 at the ball to be given in her honor by her father, Mr. Edward Livingston.

the business during the remaining two weeks of the engagement will be very large. "The Martyr" is still attracting attention at the Madison Square Theatre, and people who cannot entirely agree with Mme. de Moray's sacrifice, Livingston.

Miss C. H. Pace, of Richmond, Va., is in town as the guest of Mrs. E. A. Smith, of 226

Madison avenue. from the standpoint of probability, like to see Mrs Agnes Booth as that misguided woman. " Elaige! is in preparation, and it will be welcome, inasmuch as it will re-iniroduce that most charming ingenue

All to No Purpose.

[From Life.]
He (desirable catch)—How slender Miss Wiloughby is! She-Yes, and they say her mother was just like her once. She weighs two hundred and forty

than he had done for a long time.

It was like old times. Rose thought, and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks caught a soft glow in the firelight, as she caught her husband looking at her tenderly and admiringly.

'He loves me still," she said to herself.

'Oh, I am sure of it! Dear Harry! he loves me still."

alone together, she put her hand upon his arm, as he stood before the fire, and said to him, softly, "Harry, you'll not be angry with me if I say something to you—some-thing which was in my heart as I sat waiting

did when I was a girl.

bered these words:
"You are only too good and pure and inno-

cent for me. If I do not seem to feel it as I should it is my own n and not your fault. Blame me, if you like but never—never reproach yourself. Oh, my white rose! My spotless blossom! Why am I not worthier of

Then he kissed her-kissed her on her eyes. and lips and forehead. And at that very mo-ment there reposed at the bottom of Harry Powell's pocket a note, written in a woman's hand, containing only these words: "I can meet you at your office at 12 o'clock to-night," and signed, "Amanda."

Harry Powell was a hot-headed, impulsive Harry Powell was a hot-headed, impulsive fellow, and had been, from a boy, an ardent admirer of dashing, brilliant women. When he found himself in love with the mild, fair gentle Rose Forest, he wondered how anything so quite tould have won it. Still he was in love, and deeply. Being what he was, he would have married her if all the world had opposed their union. As it was, there were no obstacles in his way, for her heart was his; and the rivals who frowned upon him, and the maiden aunts who shock their heads, and called him a very wild young man, were disregarded. And so he took her man, were disregarded. And so he took her from the old homestead, where she had been so tenderly cared for, to his own home, to be its life-long mistress. At first he had only been a little thoughtless at times, and had dried every tear she shed with kisses. For though champagne and cigars, and Tom, Dick and Harry, had their old charms for him, he valued her above them all, and she knew it well.

knew it well.

Only a year before, the spell which had of late kept him from her side, had begun to distil its deadly poison, and chain him, body and soul. He was the confidential clerk of a wealthy establishment, and, as such, had at times heavy responsibilities upon his shoulders. Important papers and great sums of money were often his care, and he was trusted as few men are by their employers. They were right in renosing their confidence in him thus implicitly; for, wild though he in him thus implicitly; for, wild though he was, there was not one atom of the swindler in his composition. The keys of the great

safes were always within his reach; and had been up before her, and had changed safes were always within his reach and sometimes he was left alone to receive large payments, and to lock them up. There had been a time when rumors of a meditated rob-bery had reached the firm, and he had car-ried londed pistols in his bosom, night and

day.

It was at that time, twelve months ago, that he had first met with the woman who had written the note which now lay within his pocket. A beautiful woman he thought his pocket. A beautiful woman he thought her; and strange it seemed to him at first that she should follow him with her eyes, and seem to watch for him in the most unirequented places. At last a perfumed note came, and he read that the had invited him. It was a daring declaration—all the more astonishing because the writer professed herself to be a wealthy woman and a wife. It would have disgusted many men, but Harry Powell liked "queer" adventures, and had a penchant for daring women. So he met her Powell liked "queer" adventures, and had a penchant for daring women. So he met her, and in a little while liose was only second in his heart, while thus mysterious woman haunted his dreams by day and night. Thus far he had been unfaithful to his wife only in thought. But the siren who had bewitched him was to meet him in his office at midnight!

There had been a moment when Rose wept upon his beson, and he thought of all her

There had been a moment when Rose wept upon his besent, and he thought of all her purity and truth, in which Hary Powell had resolved to break his appointment, and forget his unholy love for ever. But the mood passed off, and, with the return of his old self, came a remembrance of those black eyes and red hips, those tender glances and hold professions of affection. Good, beautiful Rose grew tame in comparison and, when the time-piece told the hour of 11, he started to his feet.

"Go to bed, Rose," he said, "I have a business appointment to-night that I had nearly forgotten. I will be back as soon as I can."

"A business appointment at this hour:" thought Rose in surprise.

But he was gone before she could put her thoughts into words; and, still full of her new-found happiness, she went upstairs to her own white-curtained chamber. Harry

had been up before her, and had changed his dress leaving his every day garments lying untidily about. As she picked them up a paper fluttered from his vest-pocket—a folded paper, perfumed with musk. She opened it with a strange sinking of the heart, and read her wicked rival's note.

She did not scream or tear her hair, as many would have done; but, with a low moan, she sat down upou the carpet, rocking herself to and fro. So this was the reason of his neglect—of his remorseful self-reproach to night! A worthless woman, who could make such an appointment—a creature below contempt or hate! She, true and pure as she was, was slighted for so foul a thing.

'I will confront them," she muttered, 'I will see him once more, and never again in all my life. I will show him how the crushed worm can turn. I will be a miserable dupe no longer:"

And with these words, uttered in a harsh voice, which did not seem her own, and with a face so changed that no one would have recognised it, she lonned her hood and cloak, and stole into the darkness of the night.

On she went towards the city, a slender

cloak, and stole into the darkness of the night.

On she went towards the city, a slender flaure bending beneath its weight of wee. The hersied nething, and glided on until she stood opposite the window of her husband's office, and saw the gleam of lamp-light through an aperture in the closed shutters.

Then Rose uttered one silent prayer for strength, tried the door, found it open, and passed in.

In the meanwhile, Harry Powell has reached the rendezvous early, and had waited some moments before the figure of a cloaked and hooded woman came up the silent street, and stood beside him; she was veiled, so that he could not see her features but he knew that she was fearful of discovery, and did not wonder that it should be so.

"I have been anxiously awaiting you," he whispered, and she answered, in a still lower tone. I have been watched! Make haste in — I am frightened!"

And Harry led the way in, and lit the gas. The woman seemed frightened still, for she

crouched down upon a bale of goods, with her yell upon her face, and her hand within

cronched down upon a bale of goods, with her veil upon her face, and her hand within her bosom.

"We are alone, now," said Harrry in a gallant tone. "Let me see your face, my ange!! You cannot imagine how I long to meet those eyes!"

Something, which might have been either a sob or a laugh, came from beneath the woman's veil; she whispered again, "Are those shutters closed? See, will you?"

Harry turned to look at them. It was but a moment; but, in that brief space of time, he felt a heavy hand upon his throat, and saw a cloak and bonnet lying on the floor. A stalwart ruffian, with a pistol in his hand, stood over him, and he saw, in a moment, that he had been duped.

"Aha!" muttered the course voice of the man,—"aha! You wanted kiases and embraces, did you? My 'Liza has played her part bravely! You've opened the door for us, and shall open the safe, and shall never live to tell of it, either! So you thought 'Liza was in love with you, and was a rich lady, did you? Ha, ha, you poor fool!"

There was a desperate struggle now, but Harry was unarmed and in a little while he lay prostrate on the floor with the ruffian's pistol at his breast. It was all over. He gave one bitter thought of his own folly—one remorseful one to Rose—and closed his eyes—closed them, to open them again in wild amazement, to see the robber senseless on the floor and his own wife—his fair, slender Rose—standing over him with a billet of wood in her hand. She had saved him. And in his penitence and shame he fell at her feet, as one might fall before a sacrod shrine.

He never forgot it. He never betrayed the shrine.

never watches long.

Get THE WORLD to-morrow evening and read